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Poetry.

OLD SAYINGS IN RHYME.

As poor as a church-mouse,
As thin as a rail;
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air;
As rich as a Crœsus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin;
As dead as a door nail,
As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat;
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat;
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall;
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

As light as feather,
As hard as a rock;
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee;—
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

—Boston Gazette.

Selected Story.

A CASE OF JEALOUSY.

Angie Floyd glanced up brightly from the letter she had been reading, and met the eyes of Charles Hampton fixed upon her inquiringly.

"If it were not impertinent," said he, "I should ask you what pleasant item your correspondent has jotted down which is potent enough to bring such a light to your eye and such a flush to your cheek?"

"It would not be in the slightest degree impertinent," returned Angie, still glowing with pleasure. "I am going to see Mercy Wardour to-morrow."

"Mercy Wardour?"

"Yes, you have heard me speak of her many times. She and I were children together when I lived in the country. Oh, the dear, delightful days we have passed roaming, hand and hand, through the still highlands and beside the deep river that ran just back of Powder Horn Hill! And only think! it is six years since I saw Mercy!"

"An eternity in a school-girl friendship?"

"Don't laugh at me, Charley. I believe you were born skeptical. I know that girl's friendship are not reckoned as very lasting, but Mercy's and mine may be counted an exception. And I know you will be charmed with her, for she is the dearest and loveliest girl in the world!"

"Except one!" said Charles, with emphasis, and managing to secure the soft little hand that still held the letter, in both his own.

"Nonsense," said Angie, laughing and blushing, and speaking in that irresistible way which some girls have, and which makes every little silly nothing they say seem the deepest wisdom to those who love them.

"Angie I want you to promise me something," said Charley, after a pause, which had been in some respects a very expressive one.

"A chronic want of yours, Charley?"

"Likely enough. I own that I am a jealous fellow, but it is because I love you better than my life."

Then he drew her to his side and kissed her almost reverently. She stole an arm softly around his neck, and, with lips very, very near his ear, whispered the shy words—more than he had ever before heard her say:

"And I love you Charley, even as you love me."

"And you will promise what I desire?"

"Of course."

"It is this: That the coming of this Miss Wardour shall not take you from me in any degree. That you will still give me an hour every evening, just at sunset, and that you keep your Sabbath afternoons reserved for me."

"You foolish fellow! I hope you are not jealous of poor Mercy? Why, what will you say when I tell you the news which my letter contains? Mercy's brother, Col. Ralph Wardour, is coming with her!"

"Indeed!" Charley tried hard to speak pleasantly, for he felt how absurd was his jealousy; but, in spite of himself, his tone was a little constrained.

"Col. Wardour has a name in the world. He was a very gallant officer, and was badly wounded at Port Hudson, Mercy wrote me about it at the time—she was in such affliction, because they thought at first that he would have to lose a leg, and then she was so happy when it was decided that amputation was not necessary. She writes now that she hopes we will be willing to receive him. The doctor has recommended the air of this part of the country for him. He has been a soldier, Charley, and that alone should commend him to our interest and consideration."

"Certainly," said Charles, a little stiffly—and then the conversation turned to other matters, and shortly afterward Charles Hampton said good night to Angie, for the first time since their betrothal without kissing her. Angie felt inclined to be hurt over it, but then she excused him by thinking, or trying to think, he had forgotten it, as if forgetfulness itself should be an excuse! Why, the very forgetfulness itself should be considered heinous!

Charles Hampton had been Angie's lover a long time, but they were only two months engaged, and during that short period the crowning fault of his disposition—jealousy—had crepped out in so many ways that Angie, if she had not been the sweetest little thing in the world would have got out of patience with him long before, and thrown him over.

On the day appointed, Col. Wardour and his sister came to Oaklawn, Mr. Floyd's suburban residence. Mercy was a charming brown-eyed girl of twenty-three or four; the colonel was past thirty, tall, soldierly, and, as the girls say, "nice-looking."

Charles Hampton and Angie drove to the depot for them, with the double carriage, and Charles looked on fiercely while Mercy and Angie kissed each other scores of times, as girls will do when nothing better offers.

For a few days Col. Wardour and Charles were left mostly to their own desires. The girls were completely absorbed in talking over the past. But the most enchanting thing in the world will weary after a time, and by and by the friends came out of their confidental and confessional, and condescended to make themselves of some use in the world.

Julie Hampton—Charles' sister, a pretty flaxed haired *blonde*—came over to Oaklawn for a fortnight, and, some other young people of the vicinity being invited in, the old house become very gay and lively.

Poor Charles found that only an extremely small portion of his betrothed's evenings could be devoted to him, and in some way he considered himself a desperately wronged man. Though he maintained silence about it, and did not allow Angie to mistrust that he was not the happiest of the happy. It seemed to him that Colonel Wardour was always by her side, and he grew to hate the man bitterly. And, to show Angie that he did not care a particle for the way she was going on he was Miss Mercy Wardour's most devoted cavalier.

Angie looked on, and doubt crept into her heart. Mercy was very lovely, she thought and men were proverbially fickle. And then Angie sighed, and went up stairs, and cried, and got her eyes very red, and had to spend half an hour bathing them with rose-water, in consequence.

What consumate fools people in love will make of themselves. Sensible people who could interest you and I in an argument on theology or a dissertation on psychology, and who would have no difficulty in cheating us handsomely in the way of business transaction, will suffer themselves to be perfect simpletons in love matters, and of course deserve the contempt of all the rest of we stolid people like you and me, reader, who never suffer our dignity to sink to the level of such folly.

The summer slipped away in a round of amusements. Boating, riding, walking, picnicing, and in the thousand and one delightful ways by which time can be killed when one is young and handsome, and has nothing else to look after.

Angie and Charles were never alone together now. Both seemed instinctively to avoid such a catastrophe. Angie almost always rode with the colonel, and Charles Hampton was gayer than any butterfly. You know that these proud people are always gayest when their hearts are saddest. They will not permit the world to know how fate has swindled them.

But while Hampton was outwardly so pleasant and amiable, in his soul he hated Col. Wardour deeply and bitterly. He lay awake at nights to indulge in wishes that something dreadful would happen to his rival. Of course this was extremely wicked in my hero, and I would solemnly warn any young man who may read this story to avoid the example—but I think I have sometime before told you that my heroes and heroines are not of the perfect order. Bring to my acquaintance some of your pattern men and women, and I will write you a romance whose characters shall be so nearly cherubic that they will never need to put off their mortal for immortality.

One fine day, the first of September, Hampton and the colonel had been out in the woods shooting. They were coming home by the short cut which led across Rocky river. The stream at this point was narrow and consequently deep, and it was spanned by a mossy pole sufficiently dangerous enough footing for an angle man, but particular precarious for one who had so nearly lost his leg as Col. Wardour. He was still weak and unsteady in the wounded limb, but he had a man's pride in desiring to possess a man's capabilities, so he did not say to Hampton that it was doubtful if he could cross on the pole, Hampton went over first—the colonel followed—the treacherous pole swerved slightly, and the next moment he was dashed into the water.

The weakness which had made him fall rendered him helpless in the mad current, and fighting vainly against it, he was borne along with the tide.

Hampton stood on the river's bank, and a terrible temptation beset him. He was morally sure that this man was the lover of his betrothed—nay, more, he believed that he had won her heart from its allegiance to himself. He had destroyed his happiness, wrecked his life, and here was a chance to be rid of him forever! He need not commit any crime—all that there was for him to do was to stand still and let fate do the deed!

Like lightning these thoughts swept through his brain, and were as quickly thrust out of his heart. He flew along the brink of the river until opposite the spot where the colonel was still struggling with the flood, and plunged in. Even for his strength, the effort to beat back against the strong force of the current was not small; but Hampton was in earnest, and, after a weary time—faint and exhausted—he dragged his heavy burden up the grassy bank—just as Angie Floyd came out of the belt of woodland which bordered the river closely—came out with her cheeks flushed and glowing, and hands full of flowers.

"I have saved him for you," said Hampton laying his unconscious load at her feet, and, only waiting to see her lift the dripping head of the colonel to her knee, he hurried away to bring a carriage. He sent one of the hostlers with it, for he wanted to spare himself the pain of ever seeing her again. He had made up his mind. The firm to which he belonged were in want of a trusty person to go to Calcutta for a term of years to transact their business there, and he had decided to go. He would write to her, instead of seeing her. He indited a brief note that very night—cold enough it was, but nevertheless kind. He gave her up; wished her happiness, and bade her an eternal farewell. This note he sealed and laid away in his desk to be sent to her on the morrow after he had left the vicinity of Oaklawn, when it would be too late to go back from the position he had taken.

But he was still weak enough to be unable to conquer the desire he felt to see once more the house where she was; so late that night he crept into the garden of Oaklawn, and sought the grape-vine arbor—the very place where he had told her his love.

He was just going to fling himself down on the ground where her dainty little feet had so often rested, when a white figure rose up before him, and there was a frightened cry:

"Charles!"

"Miss Floyd? Indeed! I beg your pardon," said Charles, turning to an icicle; "I had not expected this pleasure"

"Ah?" said she, equivocally, and that "ah" might mean almost anything or almost nothing.

"But now that I have met you, perhaps I might as well say goodby. I am going to Calcutta, and shall not see you again before sailing—"

"To Calcutta?" she faltered, laying a trembling hand on his arm.

"Yes. And I trust you and Col. Wardour will be very happy!" This was spiteful in Charles but he felt particularly waspish.

"I am greatly obliged to you, and so doubtless will the colonel be. I hope we shall appreciate your kindness,"—and just here an effort to be very cool and frigid, poor Angie broke down in a most heart-rending sob.

Hampton's heart gave a great bound.

"Angie, why do you cry? Are you not happy?" he asked almost tenderly.

"Oh, Charles, why will you hurt me so? when I love you so devotedly? It is cruel, cruel!' and Angie sobbed more desperately than ever.

Whatever else Charles Hampton might be he was not cold hearted. Instantly he had her in his arms, and was kissing away the hot tears. "My darling Angie! My precious little girl! Is it possible you do not care for Wardour?"

"And is it possible you do not care for Mercy?"

"I love only you, dearest!"

"Charles, we have been a couple of simpletons. Colonel Wardour is engaged to your sister Julie, and I thought you loved Mercy, and——and—oh, dear!" and it is none of our business what followed.

Charles did not go to Calcutta though, and in November there was a double wedding at Oaklawn, with lots of bride-cake and pretty girls for bridesmaids.

A sensible writer says a good thing and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco:

"It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brains; the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes eagerly and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys, who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison."

Boston is a learned city. She has a pauper who can solicit alms in ten different languages.

Miscellaneous.

PREFERENCE, NOT PROSCRIPTION.

The mechanics and workingmen of Charleston are true as steel, and will follow the standard of Hampton wherever it shall lead them. They have an organization of their own, known as the Workingmen's Democratic Association, and are, with the Ward Clubs, doing good service in the canvass. At the meeting of the Association held on Thursday night the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, members of the Workingmen's Democratic Association, do hereby endorse the resolutions adopted at the last meeting of the Sixth Ward, and further, that we insist that Democrats should no longer patronize Republicans in trade or retain them in employment.

Resolved, That we make it known to the public that we have in the Workingmen's Democratic Association good, true, capable, able-bodied and willing-hearted men who are ready to answer to the calls of the Executive Committee to fill places of labor or trust.

Resolved, That many of these men have been compelled for months to remain unemployed, and are ready and anxious to earn honestly the necessaries of life, and can and will, if the chance is offered, fill positions such as teamsters, truckmen, warehousemen, porters, shipping clerks, cotton samplers, railroad yard men, wharf and vessel men, laborers in factories, &c., &c., and, in fact, any position requiring muscle and brain.

Resolved, That we believe that these men amongst us with a fair education are better capacitated to fill these situations than most of the Republicans now thus occupied.

Similar action had already been taken by Ward Clubs and by the Butler Guards. The claim is just. How shall we obtain and retain friends, in a campaign where every vote is important, if the Democratic public persist in placing their supporters and their opponents on the same footing? The line of Preference not Proscription must be drawn. Long enough have the people of South Carolina fed and clothed their political enemies and done good to those who hate them!

Upon this theme of Preference, in every walk in life, for those who support Hampton we must harp, at the risk of wearying the public. We dwell upon it because the rigid application of the principles we advocate will give the State an efficient and economical government. Outside of those who live by stealing, public or private, ninety-nine in every hundred Republican voters in South Carolina live by and through the citizens who have staked their political fortunes and business welfare upon the election of Hampton.

We are not of those who would interfere in any way with the free choice of a voter, when the candidates of both parties are capable and honest. Nor do we propose to interfere with that free choice now, although the struggle is between a chosen band of spotless Carolinians and a clique of fanatics and knaves, backed by ignorance, prejudice and vice. What we advise is, that the average Republican voter be made to understand that his personal interests require the success of the Democratic candidates. You may argue with him for hours and make no impression. Even platforms and constitutional amendments will not satisfy him. For years he has seen that the Democrats would spend money freely to obtain votes, but he has never seen that when he wanted work it made any difference whether he voted one way or another.

We propose to change all that, and say to the Republican voters: "We shall, no matter what the inconvenience, employ those who are members of Democratic Clubs and vote for Hampton, in preference to those who vote for Chamberlain and Elliott. We will give work to those who follow Hampton and go with us; and we will not give that work to those who, by their votes, seek to defeat, hurt and ruin us. They who vote with us are our friends, and we will take care of them. They who vote for the Robber ticket are our enemies, and we will have nothing to do with them." Let the Democracy say this and act upon it, and every Republican will have one good reason for hurrahing for Hampton for every dollar he expects to earn during the year. They will not all come over. We do not wish them to. Some should be left behind to mark the contrast between the reputable and well-to-do supporters of Hampton and the disreputable and out-at-elbows Republican. Once convince the masses of the voters that the Democracy, in town and country, are in earnest about this, and the fight is surely won.

The cry will be raised, of course, that what we advise is "intimidation." If it be "intimidation" to discriminate in favor of your associates and neighbors, and against ruthless or senseless adversaries, the Radical press are welcome to make the most of it. We know that the purpose is pure and the object good. *The Nation*, than which no journal is a more influential supporter of Hayes and Wheeler, deliberately announces its conviction that "the state of things in which the negro votes with his employer, and thereby secures himself good will, security, fair wages, light taxes, in other words most of the results of good government, * * * *is a great step in advance*, and a gratifying result of the experiment;" and it reminds the public that the very politicians who "inveigh over the political subserviency of the negroes at the South are unblushing supporters (in the North) of the very system which they find so abhorrent in the South." This is high authority; but high authority or none, the broad fact is this: By making at once a practical distinction between friend and foe, by preferring, in every case, the man who is sure to vote for Hampton to him who means to vote for Chamberlain and his crew, the election of the Democratic candidates, State and County, can be made certain. The more general the practice the greater will be the Democratic majority. With a fair election we need at least ten thousand Republican votes, and there are at least fifty thousand employers of Republican labor who can get them, and more, by Preference, not Proscription.

[*News & Courier.*

A MODEL WIFE'S LETTER.—True love, not content to bask in the sunshine without an umbrella handy in case of rain, finds fit expression in the following letter, which the Danbury *News* has divulged:

MY DEAR HUSBAND: I got here last night all safe, and was met at the station by uncle and aunt. They were so glad I had come, but were sorry that you were not along. I miss you so much. We had hot rolls for breakfast this morning, and they were so delicious. I want you to be so happy while I am here. Don't keep the meat up stairs. It will surely spoil. Do you miss me now? Oh! if you were only here, if but for an hour. Has Mrs. O'R—— brought back your shirts? I hope the bosoms will suit you. You will find the milk tickets in the clock. I forgot to tell you about them when I came away. What did you do last evening? Were you lonesome without me? Don't forget to scald the milk every morning. And I wish you would see if I left the potatoes in the pantry. If I did they must be sour by this time. How are you getting along? Write me all about it. But I must close now. Oceans of love to you. Affectionately your wife, ——.

P. S.—Don't set the teapot on the stove.

There are a good many people who are beginning to believe that the man who said 'there is no such word as fail,' lied.

A clear conscience is the best law, and temperance the best physic.

ORIENTAL MARRIAGES.

In America, love precedes and prepares the way for marriage—at least this is our theory of courtship. In the East, marriage precedes and prepares for love—at least this is the Oriental theory of the wedded state. It quite accords, therefore, with the Eastern ideas of the marriage relation that women should enter into it at an age which to us seems very unfit; and this practice of early marriages is also favored by the fact that women reach their maturity at a much earlier age than with us. They are at the height of their bloom and beauty at fifteen or sixteen. They are often married at thirteen or fourteen, and sometimes as early as eight or nine; and Dr. Van-Lennep mentions one instance of a wedding which he attended in which the bride was so young that she was carried about in the arms of her relatives. Naturally courtship is done by proxy, and the young men are cheated out of what the American regards as one of his most sacred inalienable rights. The duty of looking up for the young man a suitable wife, which even in our own society the mother, aunts, or sisters often assume, is in the East, by universal consent, developed upon them.

Womanly nature is essentially the same the world over, and we may safely assume that they are nothing loath to perform the duty which social custom intrusts to them. For this purpose they sally forth in a body on their tour of inspection, call at any house which affords reasonable hope of containing a suitable inmate, are invariably greeted with the utmost courtesy, and ushered at once into the reception-room; the young lady is summoned, and presently enters, bearing sweetmeats and water; she is arrayed in all the finery and jewels which belong to her dowry; nor is it considered a breach of social propriety to inquire with particularity respecting her marriage portion. This frankness prevents some of the awkward discoveries which sometimes occur with us after marriage to mar the happiness of the honey-moon. If the preliminary negotiations are satisfactory, a bargain is made between the parents, in which the amount paid by the husband or on his behalf, either to the bride or to her parents, is definitely agreed upon. This, which under the Mosaic law was fixed at a uniform rate—at fifty shekels, or twenty-five dollars—varies among the modern Jews with the condition of the bride's family, while among some of the Circassian tribes and the Tartars, as among the African savages, the daughter, when she reaches a marriageable age, is sold to the highest bidder. The parties are considered as affianced as soon as the marriage contract has been agreed to, but the nuptial ceremony is sometimes deferred for a considerable period, during which time the bride and groom are not permitted to see each other; their sole intercourse with each other is through the intervention of a "friend of the bridegroom." The wedding-dress is even more a matter of importance with the Eastern bride than with us. The preparation of her toilet, in the presence of female friends, often occupies a large part of two days. The wedding-veil, the bridal crown, the dodos, or cap, are some of the emblems donned for the bridal ceremony. The costumes are often rich and gorgeous beyond expression. Fashion, as interpreted by an Oriental milliner quoted by Dr. Van-Lennep, prescribes the characteristics of an ideal wedding-dress. It should measure six yards from the shoulders to the end of the train; the long sleeves should sweep the floor; the material is silk; it is elaborately embroidered by a party of professional embroiderers under the direction of a chief. The sum paid for superintending the needlework on a single robe referred to by Dr. Van-Lennep was five hundred dollars, while the charge for the work done by the subordinates was two thousand five hundred dollars, and the entire cost of the dress was ten thousand; nor must it be forgotten that labor in that country is very much less expensive than in this.

The marriage festivities last often for a week, and in many sections of the East the old practices are still maintained. The bridegroom, with a procession, starts with music and torches, by night, for the house of the bride, where, after a show of resistance, and sometimes quite a struggle, she is taken possession of, and borne away to her future home. This resistance by the coy maiden to the approaches of her husband is curiously illustrative of the marriage customs of many countries, and in various forms—from that of African society, in which the bridegroom chases the fleeing bride, captures, and carries her away bodily, to that of the Nestorians, where the bride remains in a corner of the church until the time comes for the joining of hands, when she is dragged half across the building by main strength toward her intended husband, who is allowed to seize her hand only after a vehement struggle, during which the officiating clergyman stands passively by.—LYMAN ABBOTT, in *Harper's Magazine for October*.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What is the chief end of man? Impression.

What is the chief end of woman? Flirtation.

Who made you? The tailor.

What is a heart? A trite mineral used for barter.

What is matrimony? A game for money.

What is pleasure? The art of fatiguing all the faculties at once.

What is dinner? A tete-a-tete with interruptions.

What is lunch? An operation to appease appetite.

What is beauty? The result of education—better defined by "style."

What is nature? The vulgar defect common to the uneducated.

What is truth? A traditionary fable—qualities not known.

What is religion? Etiquette.

What is atmosphere? A compound of manner and talent.

What is music? A concord and two discords.

Who exist? Those who are here to-day.

Who are dead? Those who went away yesterday.

Who are remembered? God only knows.

Of Rufus Choate's wit a volume might be compiled. Of a party in suit he said: "Why doesn't he pay back the money he has ill got? He is so much of a villain that he wouldn't if he could, and so much of a bankrupt that he couldn't if he would." Of a very crooked flight of stairs he said, "How drunk must a man be to climb those stairs!" Of one of his female clients he said, "She is a sinner—no, not a sinner, for she is our client; but she is a disagreeable saint!" He defined the lawyer's "vacation" as "the space between the question put to a witness and his answer." Of the homely chief-justice Shaw, "I venerate him as the Indian does his leg, curiously carved; I acknowledge that he is ugly, but I feel that he is great." Of the constable who repeated the word "having" many times in his return, "He has greatly over-worked the principle."

The other day a man took home a book containing several anecdotes showing the power of imagination, and, after reading them to his wife, he tenderly said: 'Now Angelina, you may sometimes imagine that you hear me kissing the servant girl in the other room, and see how base a thing it would be to accuse me of such a thing.' 'John Henry,' she replied in a smooth voice, 'if ever I imagine such a thing you will need a doctor within fifteen minutes, no matter what that little book says.'

Idleness long practiced becomes a disease, that often ends life in the prison or the mad house.

It is more fatal to neglect the heart than the head.

Over warm friendships are like hot potatoes, quickly dropped.

Not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs nothing.